Why do children love dinosaurs,

 knowing their names when they know little else?
Because life is prosaic: their events small and mean like

the poor wizened things who pick on them around playgrounds,
despised, shrunken replicas of their miserable parents.

 Aunt Mary coming to dinner, and nervous preparation,
and then you're asked one puzzling question and ignored.

 But a Tyrannosaurus can stomp into daydreams, over
     the talkative suburbs of parents
     and austere relations, spiritless

 children everywhere, so slowly playing
 in the twilight, a phosphorescent ballet,
 and never wanting to go home, hungering for

                the adventurous heart
                of the lonely and
                terrific city.